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Medley of Smiles and Tears.

And

A Little Rhyme and Reason.

By Gedelta.

MEDLEY

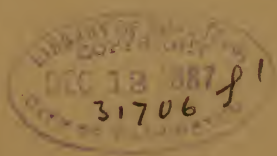
—OF—

Smiles = and = Tears

—AND A—

LITTLE RHYME AND REASON.

BY CEDELTA.



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Royalty.

IF thou would'st form a strong, and royal band,
And thou would'st like a noble prince to be,
Choose *Reason* for thy throne. on which to stand.
And reign o'er Truth, and Love, and Purity.

Riches.

THE skies, the fields, the hills, and lakes, and meadows
Are riches for to-morrow and to-day,
They cannot, well, *by simply blowing on them*,
Take wing, like *paper* wealth, and fly away.

Freedom.

IF I could dwell in crystal palaces,
And bask in sunlight all the long day through,
I'm sure I'd rather choose the shadowy forest,
Where I could rest, or run, as children do.

Equality.

1

WHO cares to live in *nought but luxury*,
With cold, stiff elegance, and stately pride?
Not *I*. For what I deem far happier,
Is having rich and poor walk side by side.

2

Or, rather, what would please me better still,
Would be to have all things so regulated
That none could have more wealth than he could earn,
And all who earn be justly compensated.

Then none need glory in his wealth alone,
Nor any crouch in abject poverty,
But live,— united in one common bond
Of love toward all,— for all humanity.

At present Money rules the world;
Eventually *Education* and *Morality* will be the
Sceptre of Command.

Advice.

1

STRIVE to be good and true,
Of evil thoughts beware;
For those who feel their conscience clear
Are brave to "do and dare."

2

"Think first before you speak";
And then kind words will fall
In pleasant tones upon the ear,
And angry words forestall.

3

Be happy, while you can,

Smile, sing, and dance, and play;

For sorrow comes, as age creeps on,

And care grows, day by day.

4

Be grateful for a friend;

For, though the world is wide,

True friends are scarce, and, where'er found,

Should ne'er be cast aside.

5

Love truly, those you love,
Nor, willfully, deceive;
For those we love, who love us best,
'Tis easiest to grieve.

6

And let sound reason mould
Your thoughts, and actions, too;
Have sympathy within your heart;
And all things nobly do.

Bitterness.

ONCE there was hope to comfort me,
To cheer, to strengthen, guide;
But, now, both hope and comfort's gone,
Grief's door is open wide;
I enter in, and weep and weep,
Till tears grow scarce, and dry;
For oh, how cold the whole world seems,
How dark the sunny sky!

THE keenest axe with which to hew the human heart into a piece of *ice* is that of Ingratitude.

Smiles.

OUR joys, tho' scantily fed and clad,
Bring smiles to the eyes,
And our hearts seem glad;
But, though smiles may come,
Still our smiles must go,
For the world of humanity is *rich* with *woe*.

Tired Nature.

WITH cares, at eventide, we grow a-weary ;
And, when we feel that hope seems nearly fled,
And days grow sad and dreary,
We, sometimes, almost wish that we were dead.

Grateful Rest.

HOW peacefully the earth, at night, reposes!
And when she lifts her gray and misty veil,
And *Morn's* fair face discloses,
Who would his life bewail?

"YESTERDAY," "to-day," and

"To-morrow"

Is the cause of all Joy, and

All Sorrow.

MEMORY is an archery field, over which swift arrows of thought dart in all directions;

REASON is the field-master, who assorts the weak and broken ones from those of value, for future use.

IMPULSE is the little fellow who sometimes hits straight at the "Bulls Eye," but whose random shots often count against him.

CALCULATION is the champion of the field, who makes every shot, with his systematic precision, count in his favor.

Discontent.

WE are not content with the lives that we lead,
Nor with what we have said, nor have done;
For half of our *days* we are spending in *sleeping*,
Then complain we at *absence of sun*.

Tears.

AND when the cup of tears is full, to overflowing,
How, o'er the brim — like drops from out the
clouds —
They *rush* in *grateful* showers.

BUILD thee a shrine within thy heart;

And worship there, truth, virtue, and love.

MAKE thee an altar within thy mind;

And place there rich gems of knowledge, and wisdom.

HOLD within thy hand an urn of sweet incense of human kindness;

And let the fumes radiate about those who need, or wish for, its grateful fragrance.

Rustic Life.

1

I DO not ask that this short life may be
A garden, filled with nought but *choicest* flowers ;
Let buttercups and dandelions grow,
And arch the garden o'er with rustic bowers.

2

Who'd care to be a stiff, proud China aster,
And wear a brilliant crown upon his head,
And be *compelled* to stand in *platted* gardens,
Among the fuchsias tall, and roses red?

Faith, Belief, Hope, Reason, Knowledge.

THE radiant bud of Faith may blossom out Belief;
And Hope may bloom for many whose lives
are full of grief;
But train the twig of Reason both broad, and straight,
and tall,
And you'll have a Tree of Knowledge that will sur-
pass them all.

The Brain.

WHEELS of thought travel over the pavement of the brain in automatic rotation; some moving slowly, and evenly, and leaving but a faint imprint; others rumbling, and jarring, even after new, and well balanced ones have taken their places, and grinding, and marring the track, over which they run.

SOME people premeditate their steps in life ; others shuffle along aimlessly. The first class usually stand erect, and look life bravely in the face ; the second class, with hanging heads, stupidly stumble, and then blame the world for their awkwardness.

Cherished Memories.

(New Year's Eve.)

1

OH, Memories!—long cherished, ever dear,—
Of friends; of youthful joys; of hopeful fears;
Of partings; greetings; and of joyful tears,
Come back to-night!

2

Of chords once struck, in quiet, fond delight;
Of harmonies once sung,— some sad, some bright:
Oh, Music! lend *thy* ever charméd might,
Come back to-night!

3

Sweet faces! that have often wept, or smiled;
Dear hearts! that have my weary hours beguiled;
Loved voices! Oh, so kind, so gentle, mild,
Come! Come to-night!

4

Ne'er let me from these sweet themes dwell apart;
Let plaintive tones ring on, till tear-drops start;
And let me clasp my dear ones to my heart,
In thought to-night!

5

Oh, *ever* greet me with the olden love,
Companions of my thoughts, where'er I rove,
'Till I shall hie me to the worlds above,
And say " good night."

6

Ah! then shall all sweet memories cease to be?
Shall I not feel? or think? or hear? or see?
Must it be merely a " land of rest " for me?
One long, long night?

7

I know, full well, we shall not part for aye;
I know, full well, it is not death, to die,
But life, eternal; (altho' I know not why
I trust, to-night).

8

Is it because I dread the parting here?
Is it because of Christian faith? or fear?
I think not either. But *love* seems very near
My soul to-night.

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